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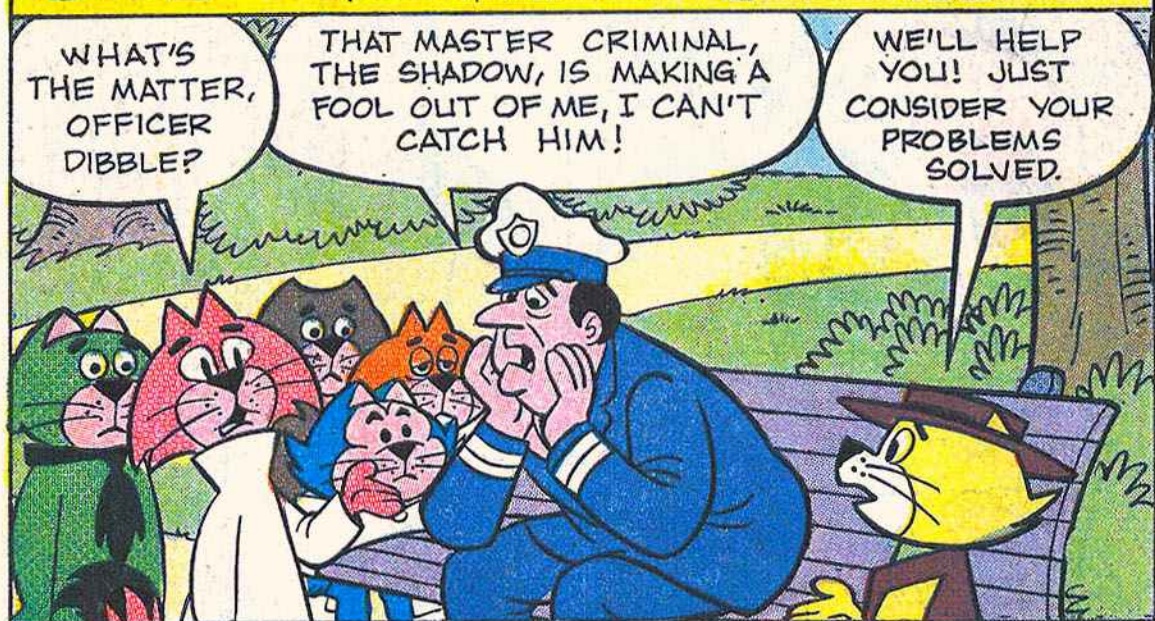
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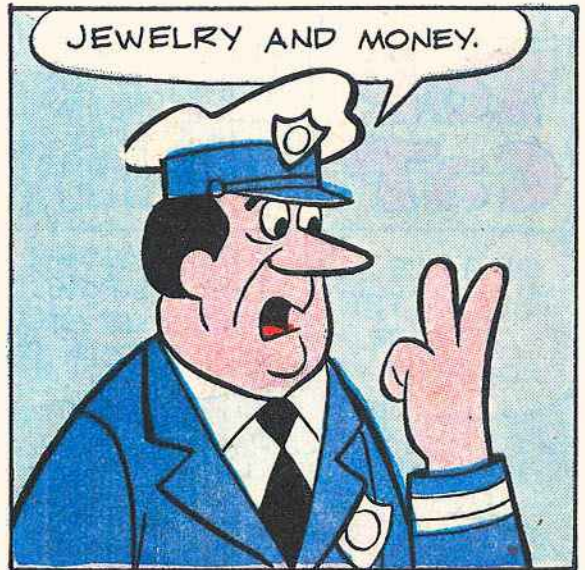
TOP CAT ME AND MY SHADOW

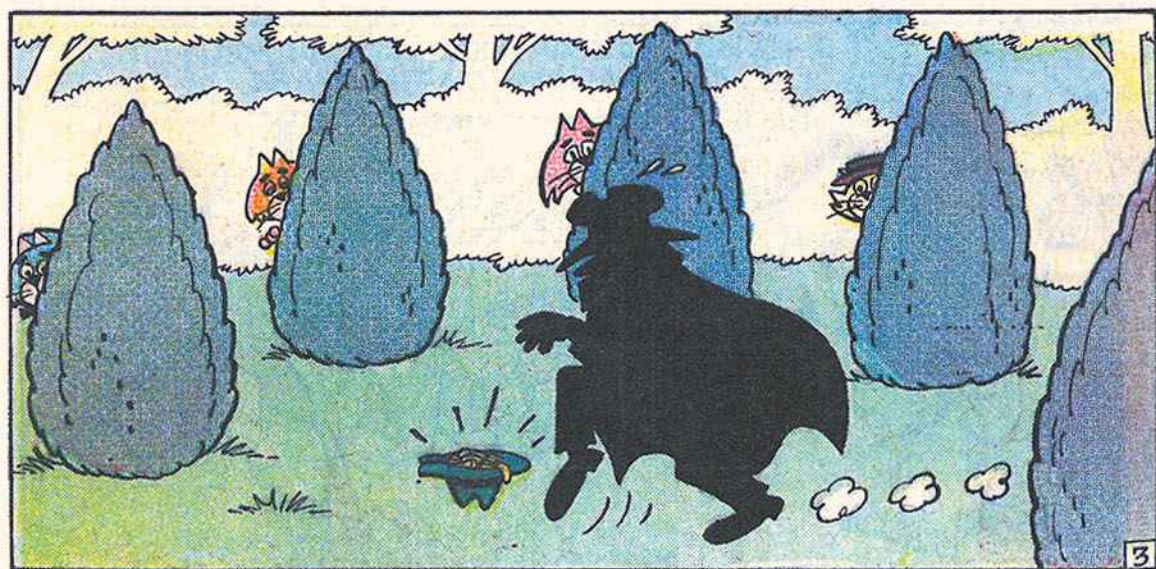
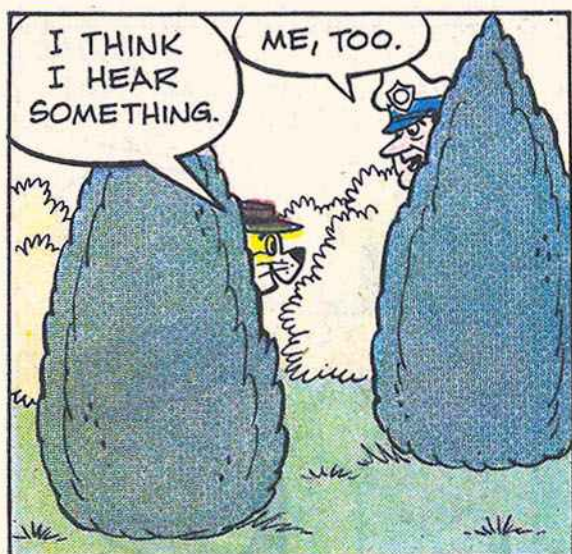


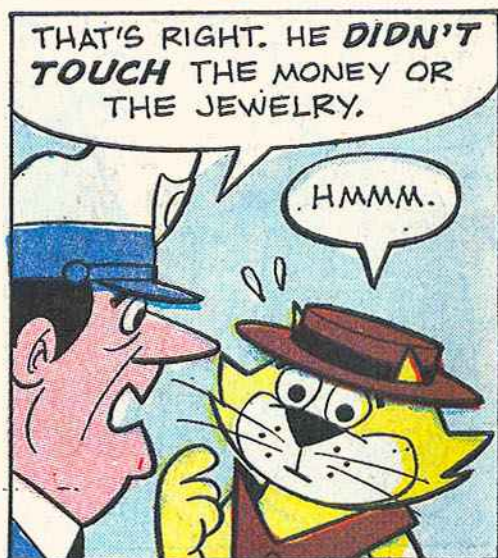
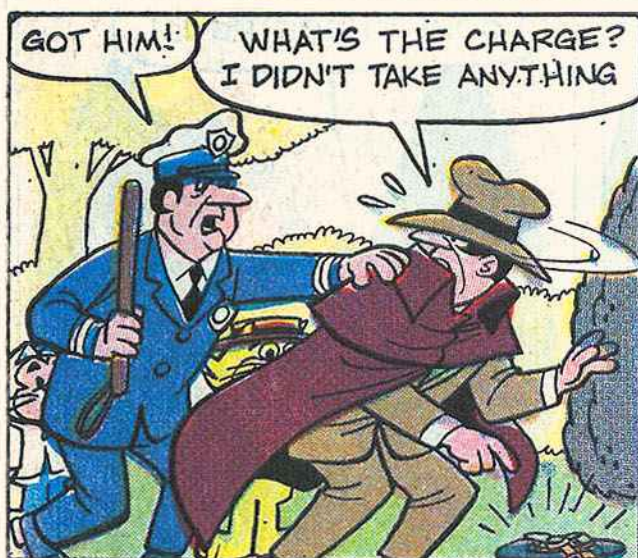
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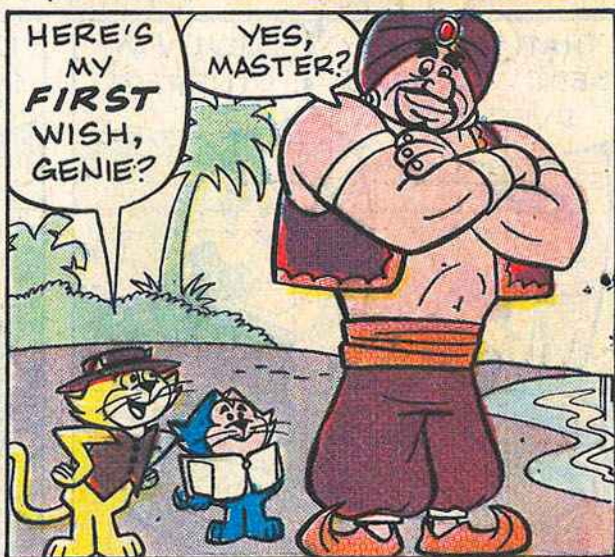
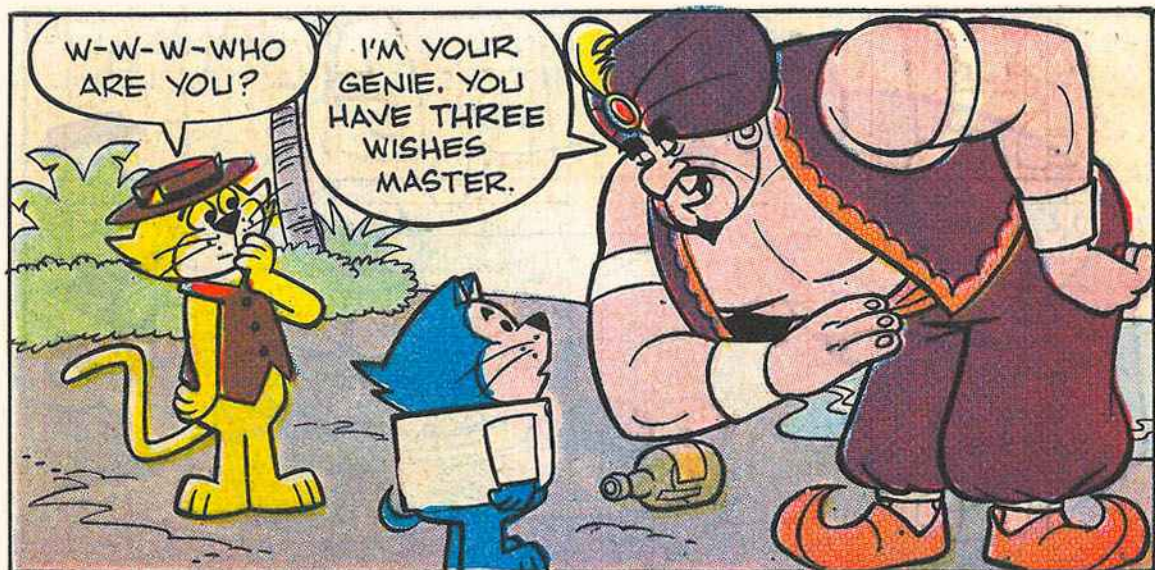


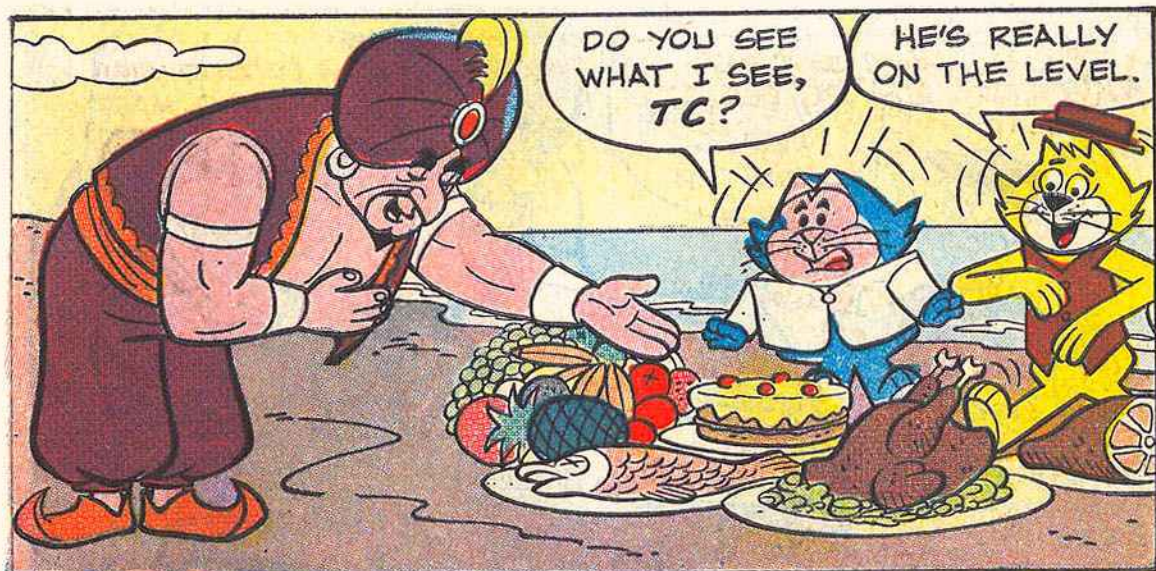




TOP CAT MY OWN GENIE



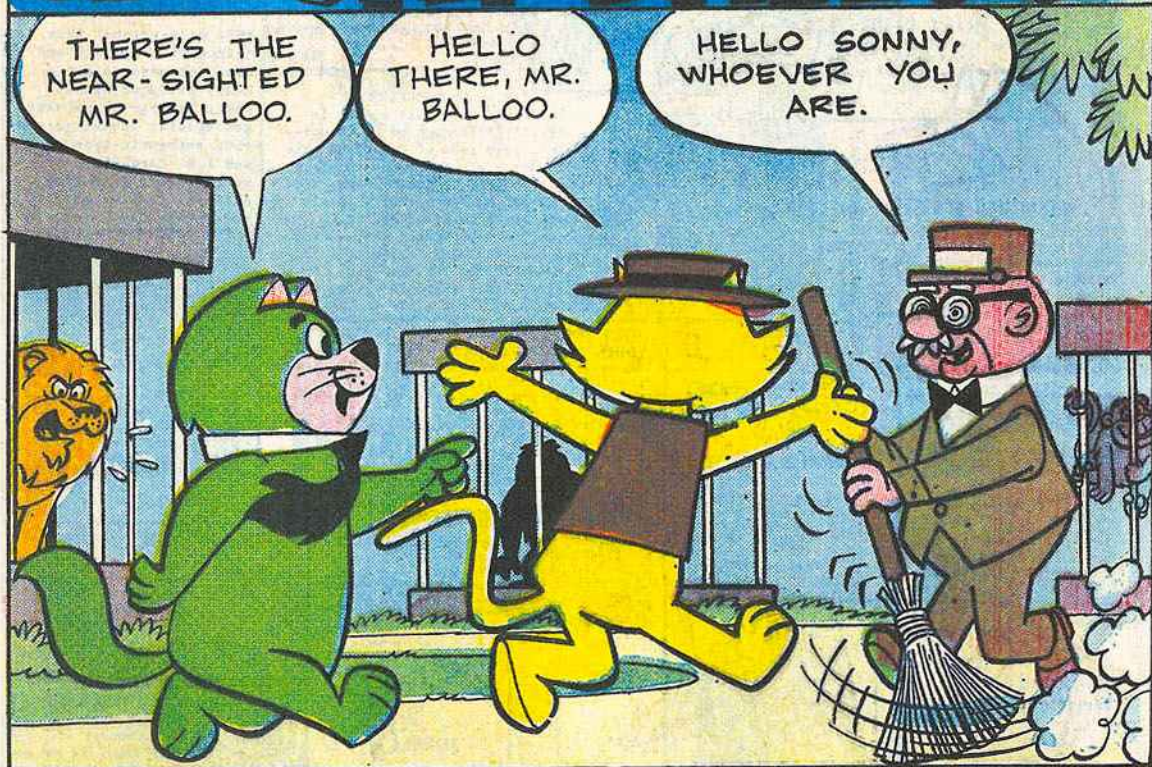




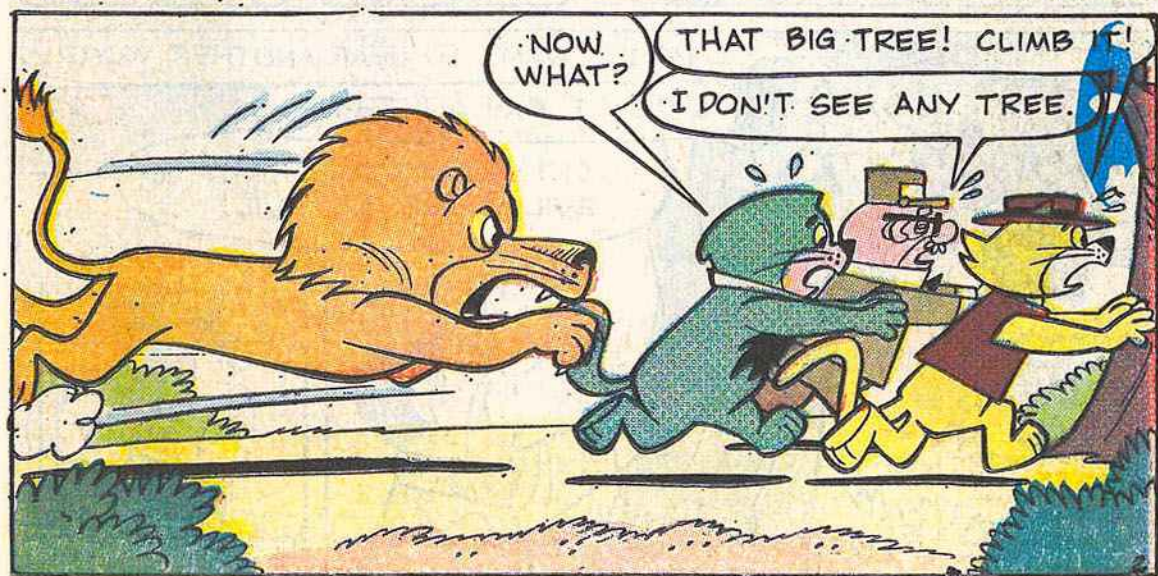




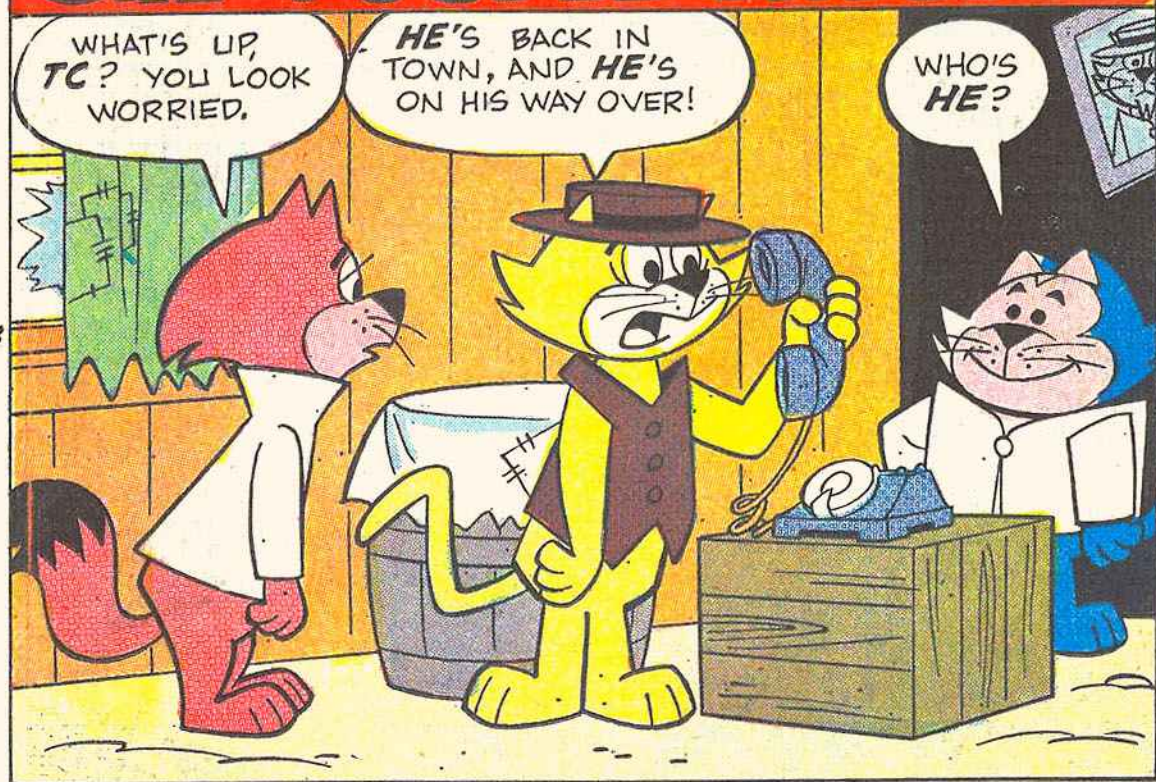
TOP "CAT BALLOO"



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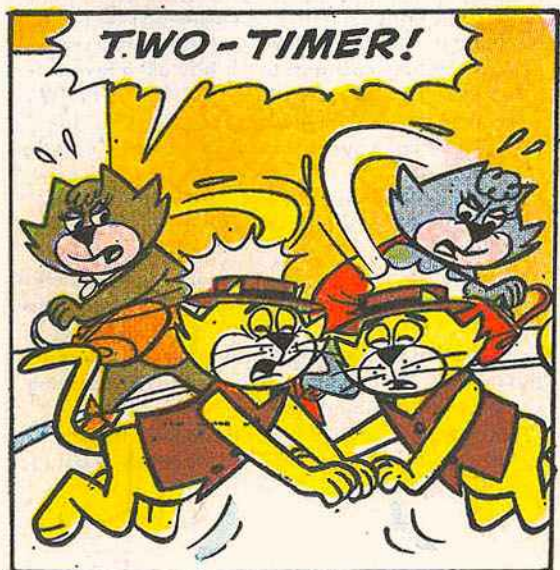
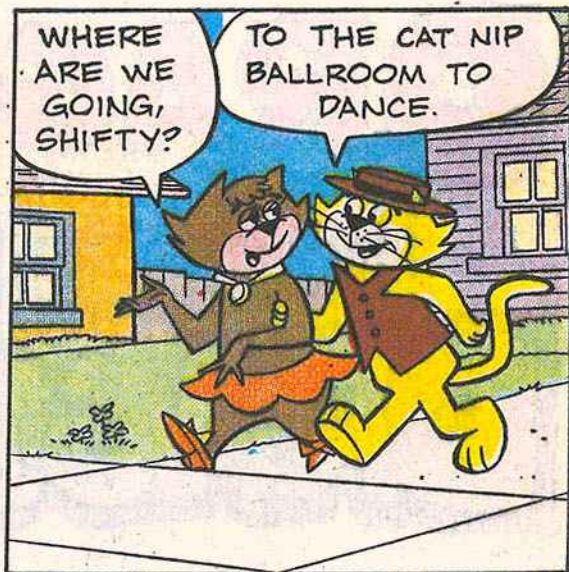


TOP CAT "DOUBLE TROUBLE"











To the five quarters of his realm, King Theodosius of Slobadia, sent his messengers and heralds. In the big cities where there wasn't too much illiteracy, the notices were posted in the public squares. In the smaller towns and villages, the heralds would gather the people into the village square. Then the herald with the most powerful voice would speak:

"Hear ye, and all, you good people of Slobadia. His Majesty Theodosius has good news for a youth of valor. As you know, Drago the Dragging-Dragon, occupies the pass in the Mutianian Mountains. This means you must take the long route through the valley. He has offered his daughter, Latana, as a bride to whoever gets rid of this beast. And of course, a big dowry. So just come up and sign your name on this sheet."

"Big deal," sneered Philo the Philosopher to the youth standing next to him. "What chance has a mortal against a fire spitting dragon? And I understand the Princess Latana is not a beauty. Her father doesn't want her to be an old maid. Otherwise the throne goes to his half brother, Prince Maximus."

"Sort of interests me," said the youth. "My name is just Coraggio. I don't know even if it is my first name or last name. I only have that name on my birth certificate. But I know I am brave. I take a balanced meal each day. I do my twenty minutes of exercises faithfully. I should be able to take care of the dragon. And I often wanted to live in a palace anyway. But first I must have a chat with the Princess."

After two weeks of trying to get contestants, his was the only name on the sheet. King Theodosius greeted him warmly.

"One look at you and I know the days of the dragon have come to an end."

Twenty minutes later he was facing the Princess Latana. Her lady-in-waiting was waiting outside as the two were alone in the extremely big room of the castle.

"You aren't such a bad looker at that," said the youth. "Go to the beauty parlor. Don't tell them who you are. You need your hair cut in a different manner. A facial would help. And learn how to smile."

"I think I like you," she said. Doing her best to smile. "I surely want you to vanquish the dragon. And don't get hurt in the fight."

There was a week full of parties in honor of the brave youth. Then he was given a horse. Also, Watchamungo, the king's secretary went along.

"To check on things and give me a full report of the battle," said the king.

It took two weeks of riding to get to the pass in the Mutianian Mountains. The youth dismounted and walked a hundred paces. Soon he found himself facing the dragon.

"I am wearing an asbestos suit," he told the beast. "So don't waste your energy throwing flames at me."

"Keep your voice down," suggested the dragon.

"Watchamungo has big ears. Really, I don't want to fight you at all. I just got a much better offer from the King of Mudamia. To guard one of his passes. And keep the Mongols out. So let's make-believe we are fighting. Use your bare hands. You don't get hurt even the teeniest weeniest bit."

For an hour, the bored Watchamungo kept both eyes on the two fighters. When it was over, the dragon surrendered. Then the watcher gave our hero a sword.

"Stick it in his heart and finish him off forever."

"Can't do that according to article 16b of the War convention. He surrendered. So I must spare his life."

"You sure know your rules and regulations," was the reply.

"O.K. Now homeward bound."

The wedding date was set. The Princess really looked very charming.

"After we are married, I am going to have my own private beauty parlor here. Certainly did wonders for me."

"I don't know just how to say this," began Coraggio. "But I would like to invite the dragon to the wedding. How do you feel about it?"

"Fine with me," smiled the bride-to-be. "He kept his part of the bargain. I paid him 100 ounces of gold to throw the fight."

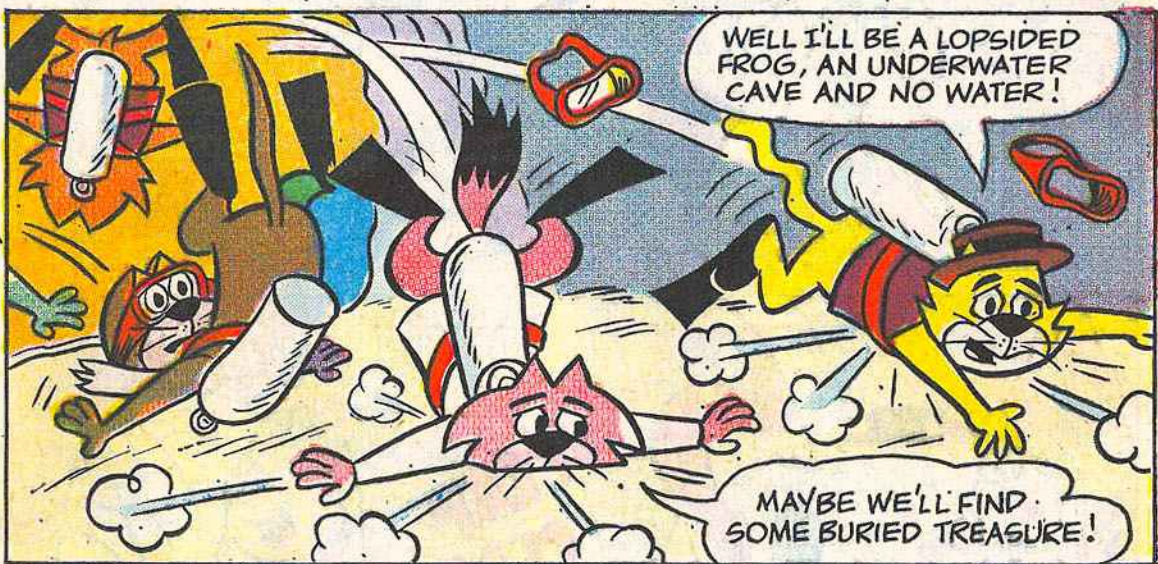
TOP ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ CAT A WHALE OF A BELLY!

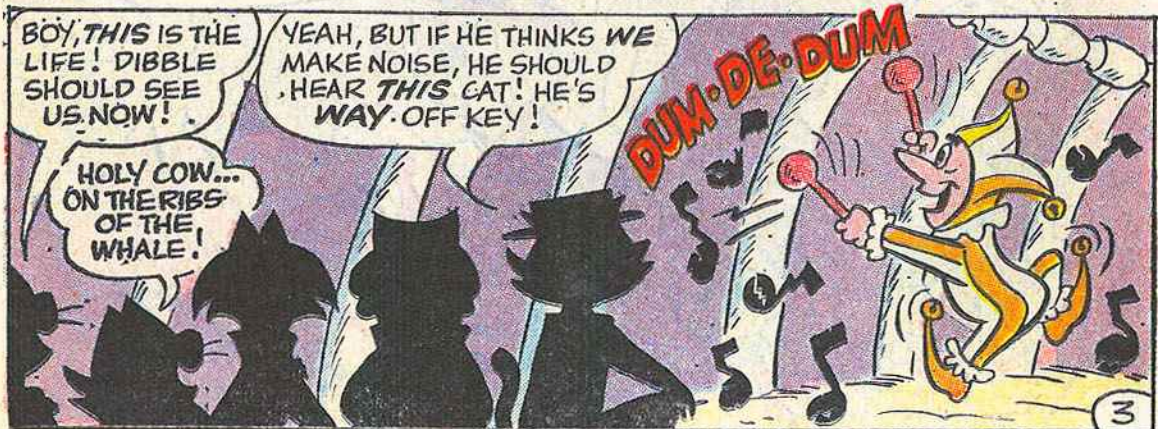
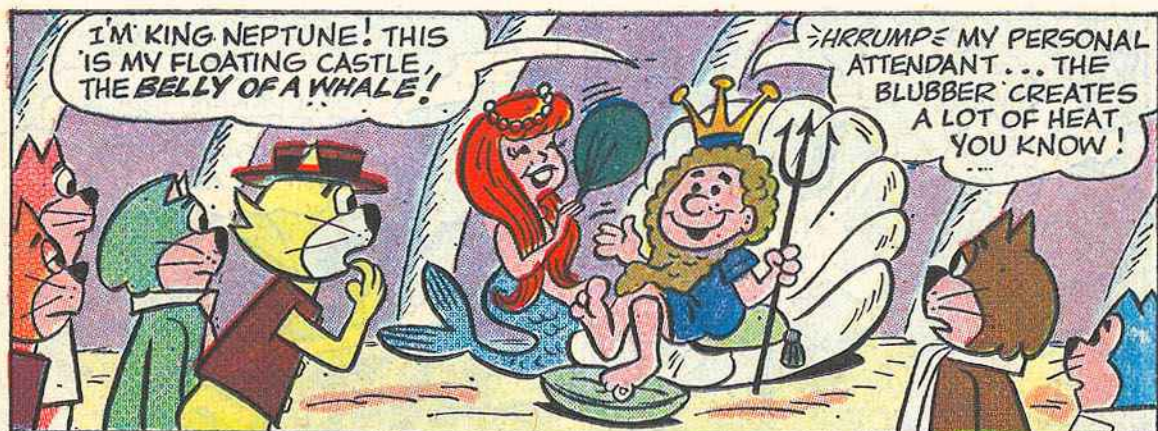
GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

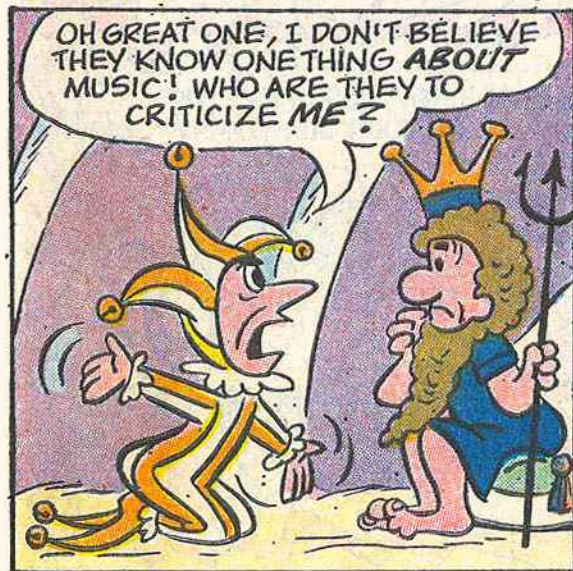
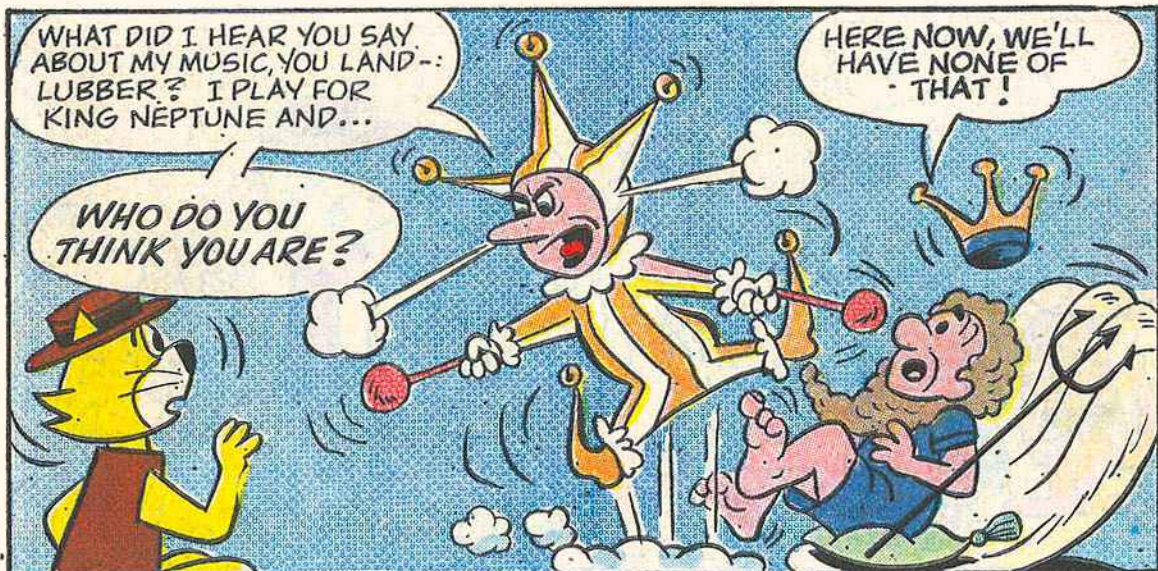


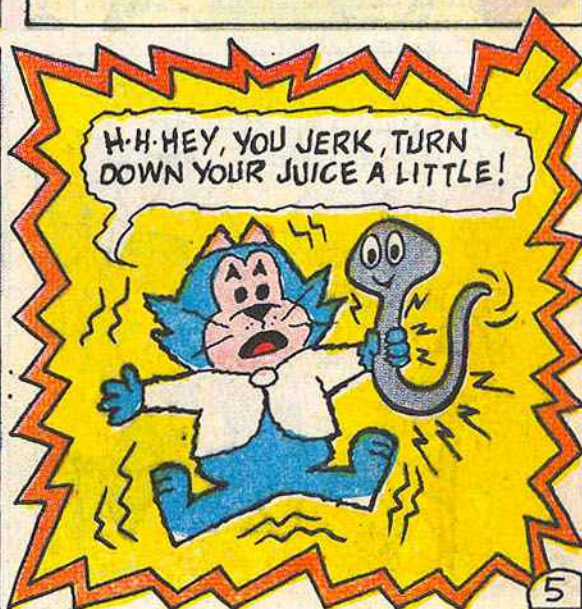
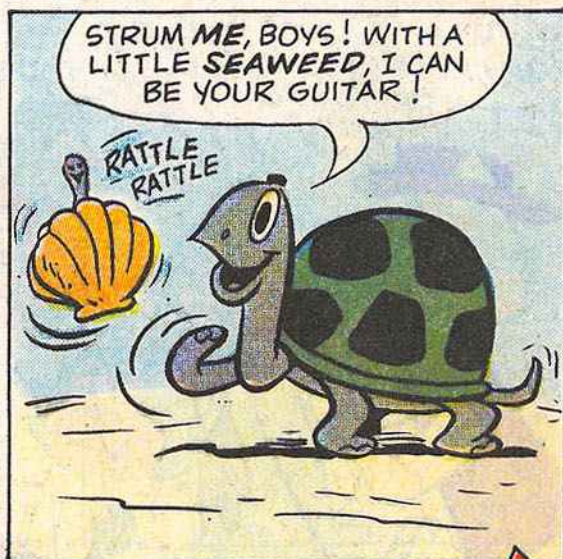
BENNY, YOU CAN'T SKINDIVE WITH A CAP ON! YOU'LL RUIN IT!

HUSH, FANCY, IT'S WATERPROOF!





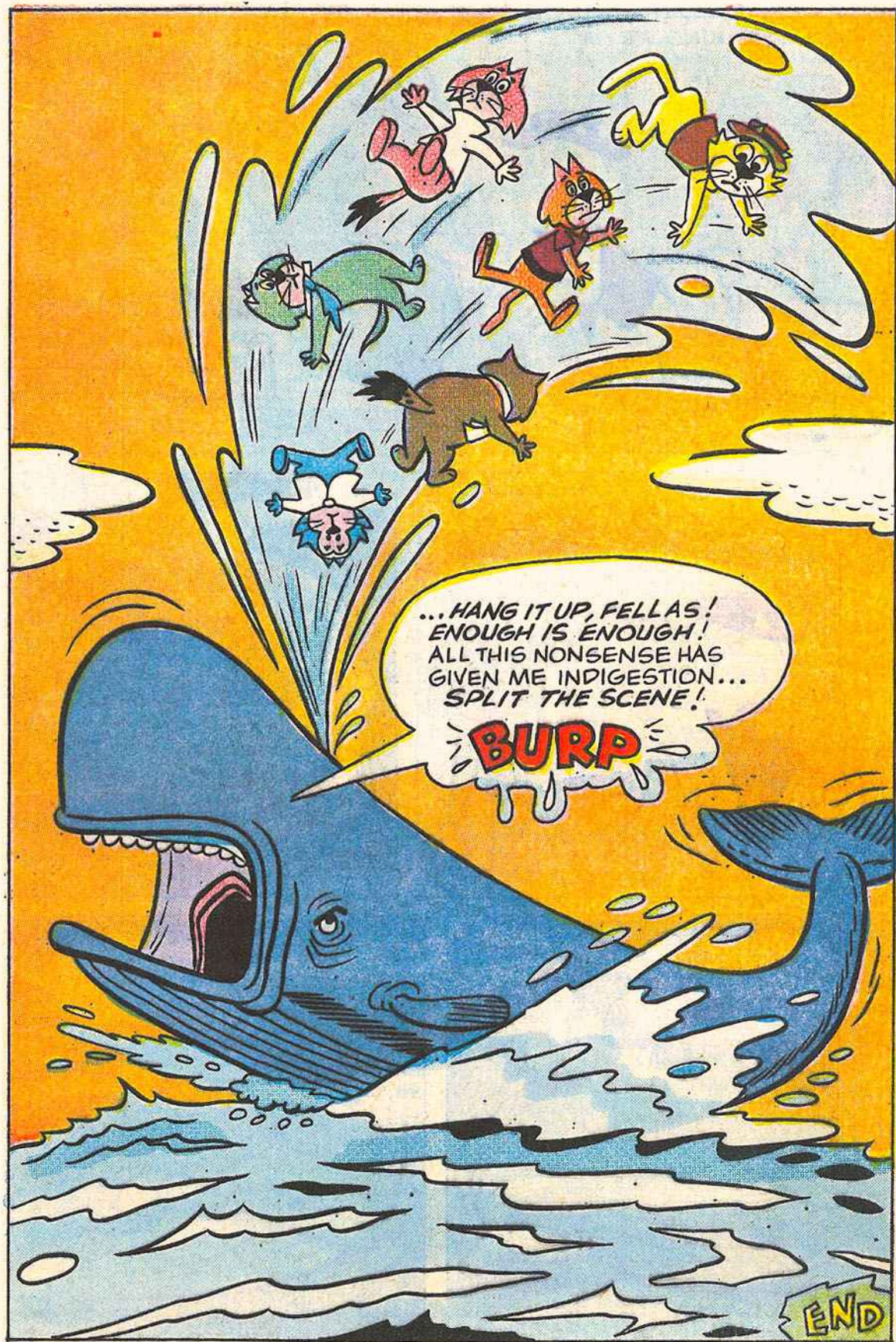






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